

Darts and Daggers

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Summary: This is the story about a Viking girl who, after an upsetting day, discovers a baby dragon. And it's a species she doesn't recognize! What is it? That shouldn't matter, because dragons must be killed. But she can't bring herself to kill it! Instead, she names it and trains it in secret. Maybe one day she and her dragon can come out into the open. Read on and find out...

1. Chapter 1

****Hey, everybody! I don't own How To Train Your Dragon, or any of the characters in it. I own my original characters, and this story. Not much of a disclaimer, but whatever. I figured I needed one.**

****Anyway, I hope you like this story! I figured I'd start at the beginning, about five years before the movie was made...****

****I hope you like it! Enjoy!****

Chapter one

>Dart's POV<p>

I coughed and hacked as I fanned the hot steam out of my eyes. There! It's done, I think. I've finally made my first weapon! Well, it's not mine, exactly. I mean, I made it, but it's not for me.

"AUGH, stupid steam!" I heard my voice squeak with excitement. Why do I always sound so little? Stupid kid voice. I guess it can't be helped, really; there's only so much an eight year old girl- well, almost eight, anyway...my birthday is in a couple months- can do to make her voice sound better. Better meaning older and not so babyish.

"Dart, be careful with that!" Brokennose, my mentor said. He sounded annoyed... I don't know why... Okay, so maybe I didn't warn him when I dunked the burning hot piece of metalwork in the bucket of ice cold

water. It surprised him.

Oh, well.

"Sorry, Brokennose," I apologized lightly. I wasn't really sorry, of course. Who cares if he got a little steam in his face? Not me. I'm just happy this sword is ready!

I held it up proudly and inspected it. It was plain, solid, and made of regular old iron. But I made it! I spent a whole two weeks preparing for today. The day I finished making my brother's birthday present! And not a moment too soon, either... A day later would have been a day too late.

"Do you think he'll like it?" I ask, my voice sounding so pitiful. I really need to work on that. My huge shaggy haired mentor shrugged his massive shoulders and grunted.

"Meh. I don't know," he said before turning back to the forge. "Why don't you ask Ripper?" I nodded, my several randomly located copper colored braids waving back and forth with the motion. As I ran out to find Brokennose's better half, he called out after me to tell her to bring him his lunch. He didn't say please.

So I decided I wouldn't remember.

I expertly ran through the dreary streets of our village, not bothering to pay attention to my surroundings because I could find my way to Ripper and Brokennose's house with my eyes shut. Their daughter, Alva, is my best friend- okay, so she's my only real friend- and we spend a lot of time running between our houses to play.

I arrive at the rugged wooden building and walk right on in. I never bother knocking here.

"Hey, Ripper! You home?" I called out cheerfully, knowing in a moment she'd answer me with-

Suddenly I was being lifted off my feet and crushed in a big, warm hug.

"Dart! Ya wee thing, wot brings ya here tah-day? Ya know you're missin' trainin', right? Why aren't ya in class with me Alva, now?" Ripper's dark brown curls tickled my face as she spun me around once then put me back on the ground.

"Hi, Ripper," I said. "I'm not skipping class for nothing, see?" I held up the sword I made. "This is what I've been working on! It's for my brother. It's his birthday today." Her face fell a little bit, but I hardly noticed. She smiled encouragingly as she spoke.

"Ah, this is for yer big brother, hah? Well, he's a lucky lad to have such a good little sister."

"So, you think he'll like it then?" I heard my voice crack as surely as I felt my lower lip begin to quiver. Maybe Ripper didn't notice.

"Aye, lass, I think he will," she said softly, a strange, sad look in

her eyes for a split second. I must have imagined it because the next think I knew, she was smiling and laughing and pushing me out the door. "Now, git off with ya! It's time wee lasses were in training. You won't get to be a good Viking if you skip, now, will ya?"

I laughed as a I ran away, calling out that I would. Of course, I had no intentions of going to class. I had no desire to go sit in a stupid arena and learn about stupid weapons.

I'm no good with weapons. At least not the kind of weapons my clan likes to use. Crossbows scare me, the swords are all oversized and heavy. I have my own style.

I blow darts. It may not be useful in a fight against a Gronckle or a Deadly Nadder, but it's definitely useful when it comes to messing with the bigger kids.

Alva and I are really small compared to the other kids our age. We are regular hiccups. Not like my big brother! He's strong and popular. But what else would one expect of him? The son of a chief must be the most Vikingest of Vikings.

I ran along, asking people if they had seen my brother.

"Nope."

"No."

"Uhhhh, no."

"Haven't seen him."

"No."

"Have you tried the arena?"

"Aren't you supposed to be in class, young lady?" Uh, oh. I thought, I should probably get out of the village before someone sends me straight to the arena. Wouldn't want that.

One of the older girls who is my brother's age told me he had been talking about going hunting earlier. He had been bragging about how today was the day, and he was going to prove to everyone how strong he was, and blah blah blah.

"Thanks, Wisteria!" I called as I made a beeline for the woods. I knew he had to be in there somewhere, if he really were hunting.

A couple hours later and I was wandering around deep in the woods. My big brother was nowhere to be found. I was beginning to wonder if he was simply at home, or training in the arena, or flirting with a couple of the local girls. I knew I'd rather be anywhere than here...

The truth is I was lost.

"Hellooooo?" I called out, annoyed that I had gotten myself into this mess. I'm only eight- well, almost, but who cares?- and I'm small for my age. I have a tiny knife of my own, my darts, and my brother's

birthday sword. Other than that, I'm completely defenseless.

"Way to be optimistic, Dart," I murmured to myself. "You really are hopeless." Suddenly I heard a noise coming from deeper in the woods. I whirled around and faced the sound, holding my breath and wondering what it could be.

A wild boar. A Gronckle. Maybe a Hideous Zippleback. It could be any of a number of dangerous beasts, really. With my luck it couldn't possibly be anything not-dangerous, like, I don't know, a sheep. But a girl can dream, right?

"Please be a sheep, please be a sheep," I begged the gods for mercy, but since I figured I wouldn't be getting any I pulled a dart off my belt and got it ready. I held it up, hand shaking, and stared into the trees, just waiting.

Crash, crash, crash... I could hear something big running through the woods. Then I heard the cries of an angry dragon. I got really nervous then. I thought, It sounds like a-

I had to wait to finish that thought, because suddenly my brother came running out of the trees and kept on running. As he passed me I started to call out his name, but it came out in a wordless scream when a Deadly Nadder appeared in front of me.

"AAAAAAHHHHH!" I fell to the ground and let my single dart fly, and it flew straight into the creature's neck. It was the dragon's turn to scream, and it launched itself over my head...

Straight at my brother, who was just standing there, a spear held limply in his hands as his whole life flashed before his eyes. The dragon landed on top of him and he let out a bloodcurdling scream.

I closed my eyes and curled up into a pitiful little ball, and waited for the inevitable pain of spikes piercing my skin and sharp teeth tearing into my flesh.

After the initial moment of horror had passed, I realized I was not dead. I also realized that it was way too quiet.

I slowly opened my eyes and saw that the dragon was still. I hesitantly stepped forward, then shrank back with a loud cry when it began to move.

"AUGH!" I stumbled and landed on my backside.

"Ugh, Dirt, you idiot, it's just me," my brother groaned, roughly pushing the dead dragon off of him. He stood up, staring at the broken spear shaft he held in his hands. "This is dad's spear. He's going to kill me! This is all your fault, Dirt!" I defiantly glared at him.

"My name is DART," I grumbled. "And it's not my fault you broke Dad's spear. I've been looking for you all day!"

"Whatever," he said, brushing himself off and stretching his sore muscles. "I've been hunting. Today is the day I prove myself and kill my very first dragon!" I stared at him blankly. Wow, is he dumb.

"Uh, Dagur, you do realize you just did, right?" I asked him, pointing at the Nadder's carcass. His blue eyes bulged and his jaw dropped.

"Odin, I've DONE it! Haha!" He hollered and brandished the broken spear. "The mighty Dagur struck down the fiery beast, and-"

"Actually, I struck down the fiery beast. I shot it in the neck with one of my darts. That's when it fell on you," I said, not being able to help myself. I mean, I helped, hadn't I? Doesn't that mean I should get some credit, too? Dagur didn't seem to think so.

"Silence, Dirt! Stupid kid," he growled, pushing me back. "I killed the Nadder. I DID. You were just wandering lost in the woods, and I saved your sorry butt. Didn't I?" I picked myself up off the ground and stupidly tried to argue.

"Dagur, I-"

"SHUT UP!" He towered over me and screamed. I felt smaller than ever as he began to rant and rage... I hated it when he did this. Which was more often than not. He's insane... Or, as his title declares, Deranged.

"I am the mighty hunter, the conquering warrior, the dragon-slaying Viking Dagur the Deranged!" He spit as he talked. He was practically foaming at the mouth. Disgusting. "I defeated this Deadly Nadder SINGLEHANDEDLY. And if you EVER say that I WASN'T the killer of this stupid reptile, I'll CUT YOU. DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME!?" I nodded. I want going to say anything. After all, I reasoned with myself in my head, it is his birthday.

"Yes, Dagur, yes. I promise, I won't say anything. You killed it, you did. My dart didn't help at all. Actually, I think maybe I missed..." He turned his back on me and faced the body of the dragon.

"Yeah, yeah. Shut up and let me think." I shut up and he thought. Out loud, as usual. "When Dad hears I killed a dragon today, he'll have to let me graduate training early. Then I can go hunting with him, and go with him in raids, and he'll have to lay attention to me. Come on, brat, let's go."

"Hey, Dagur," I said, grabbing his sleeve and pulling on it. "Nobody is going to believe you killed a dragon. You're always telling everybody you killed one, and you can never prove it. You're always lying." He got mad again, of course, when I pointed this out.

"But this time I really DID kill a dragon!" I nodded again, trying to calm him down and explain.

"Yeah, I know that, and you know that. But no one else does. You're going to have to show them the body to prove it!" I was proud of myself. I could tell Dagur could see the wisdom in what I was saying.

"I see your point, Dart," he said. He called me Dart! I almost couldn't believe it. I was so deliriously happy that he had used my

name that I barely registered the next thing he said. "So, I'll go get Dad and the elders. You stay here and guard the body." He turned and began to walk away. I stared at him blankly for a moment, then realized what was happening.

"WAIT!" I yelled, running after him. "You're just going to leave me here? Are you serious?" He couldn't. I hated being out after dark anywhere, and this was the WOODS!

"I'm dead serious, little girl," he sneered, grabbing me and dragging me over to the body. He forcefully pushed me down to the ground, and smacked me on the side of the head.

"Ow! Dagur, please! Don't leave me here! I don't even have any real weapons... Well, except for this, but..." I held up my little knife, tears forming in my blue eyes. He stared at it, then his eyes moved to my waist.

"You have a sword, idiot. That's a weapon." He saw his present! Well, now is as good a time as any to give it to him, I thought.

"No, Dagur," I said, standing up and holding the gift out. "This is-" He grabbed it and looked at it disdainfully. It looked so small in his hands...

"You're right. This isn't a real weapon." He sounded disgusted and he threw it aside without blinking. "It's scrap metal! Why would you carry around such a piece of trash? Never mind. Here's my crossbow." He threw it down at my feet and reached into his quiver for some bolts. "These are the bolts. There are only a few left, but it would do for now. I'm going. Don't go anywhere."

I was speechless. He hated it. He hated the sword I made for him. And he was leaving me alone in a dangerous place. I mean, I always knew Dagur was irresponsible, but...

"You're being mean," I whispered tearfully. He whirled around.

"WHAT did you just say!?" I shook my head so hard my copper colored braids hit me in the face. It stung, but I didn't care so much about that anymore.

"Nothing, Dagur," I sniffed. "Just please hurry back."

"Whatever, Dirt. Just don't you dare leave. Or else." And then he was gone.

And I was left alone to cry to my poor little heart's content.

**So there's my first chapter. I hope you liked it. Dagur has a little sister named Dart. She's a cutie, with blue eyes, reddish brown hair, and fair skin. She's got freckles, too. She's small for her age. She's one of the youngest kids in the village. **

**And now she's lost and alone in dragon-infested woods. **

**Next chapter, read on as Dart makes a life-changing discovery... Can you say "baby dragon"? But what kind? **

**No, not a Night Fury. Sorry, buddy. (You know who you

are.):**

Anywaaaaayyyy, stay tuned! Read and review, people! :D

2. Chapter 2

I am baaaack! Did you miss me? Sorry I haven't updated in a while. Dart has been crying long enough. It's time to get this story moving a little, I think... Anyway, enjoy!

Chapter two

>Dart's POV<p>

After a few hours, I realized Dagur wasn't coming back. I was tired of sitting in the dirt next to a smelly dragon carcass.

"Ooohhhh!" I moaned and sighed as I stretched myself and stood up. I know he told me not to move, but this is ridiculous, I thought. I'm leaving!

But as I began to leave, I heard the unmistakable sound of a twig snapping, and then the rustling of leaves. I wasn't alone.

"Who's there?" I cried out, suddenly very afraid. "Dagur? Is that you?" I couldn't move, I couldn't breathe. I could only stand there, screaming on the inside. Please be a sheep, please be a sheep...

"Rrrraaaaawwwrrrrrrr!" Three miniature Deadly Nadders leapt out of the bushes and I screamed out loud.

"AAAAHHHHHH!" The dragons screamed back, spines bristling and wings flaring. I ran for my life, screaming all the way.

Then, horror of horrors, I tripped on a root.

"Oof!" I grunted, and picked myself up. "Stupid tree." I was breathing heavily, and sweating too. I felt disgusting. That's one of the downsides to being a Viking: If you get dirty, you stay dirty until bath day. I realized I was going to have to wait for three days before my next real bath. Oh, well.

I knew I wasn't being followed anymore... If I had been at all. So I took a moment to take in my surroundings.

I have no idea where I am, I thought dejectedly. I was deep in the woods, I knew that. I also saw a large stone wall peeking through the branches of the tall trees.

Moving forward, I decided that the wall might provide some sort of shelter for the night- a cave or outcropping, or something. Anything would be better than sleeping out in the open.

I reached the wall, and realized I was standing at the foot of the Red Mountain. This surprised me, because the Red Mountain is in the exact center of our home, Uglithug Island. At least I know where I am now, I thought.

I walked along the side of the mountain, until I saw what looked like

a flare go off partway up the mountain.

"What was that? Maybe it was a distress signal?" I wondered out loud. My imagination got the best of me. "Maybe it's Dagur! He could have gotten lost just as easily as I did!" I frantically began to climb. "Dagur! Hey, Dagur, it's me- Dart! I'm coming!"

I finally made it to where the flare went off, and found myself standing at the mouth of a cave.

"Hello?" I called out, my voice echoing through the tunnel. "Dagur? Are you there?" I entered, certain that at any moment he'd jump out and yell at me for leaving the dead Nadder.

The thing is, he didn't. The deeper I traveled into the cave, the more convinced I became that Dagur wasn't there. And there probably weren't any other people in this gods-forsaken cave, either. I had never felt so alone.

Several hours of wandering in the dark had gotten me nowhere, when suddenly-

"AAAAAAAHHHHHH!" I fell and began sliding down a natural slide. I was bumped and thrown by the irregular surface of the rocky tunnel, and slid faster and faster. I saw a bright light, and then I was flying through the air!

I felt a sharp pain, and my vision blurred... After just a moment of confusion, I plunged into darkness.

When I opened my eyes I found myself laying in the mouth of a cave. Sunlight streamed into the entrance, and I quickly moved toward it, savoring the warmth it gave me.

However, just as I was about to run out into the open, I saw the huge dragon laying on the rocky ground just beyond the entrance.

I froze in my tracks, realized I was in danger, spun around, and ran back into the cave... And was greeted by another dragon, growling and hissing as it stood in the opening.

"HOLY HAMMER OF THOR!" I cursed as well as an eight (okay, seven) year old could, and fell back onto my butt. I scrambled back, gasping for breath. The dragon seemed to shrink back as well, deeper into the cave. I couldn't get a good enough look at it to tell what kind of dragon it even was. Then it stopped growling, and directed it's piercing gaze at my arm... So, of course, I had to look and see what it was staring at.

My arm was dripping blood from the shoulder, which had a nasty gash in it. It was funny, moments before I hadn't felt the slightest bit of pain; now it was excruciating.

"Aahhhhh!" I hissed, clutching my wounded arm. I curled up into a ball, and prepared myself for the worst...

Which turned out to promptly be ignored by the dragon, who turned around and limped away.

Wait... It limped. I guess I'm not the only one who's hurt, I

thought.

Now I wasn't sure what to do. I mean, I could try to get away now. I knew where I was. Maybe I could figure out a way home from here. But at the same time...

I didn't know for sure why I even thought about this. But the fact is that I did. Here it is: That dragon was as scared and hurt as I was. And I felt like maybe I should try to help it. There, I said it. Some Viking I turned out to be.

Well, I said it, so... I might as well follow through. Here I go.

And so I followed the dragon into the cave. Maybe that was stupid. Maybe that was reckless.

Maybe I am a Viking after all.

**There we go! A mystery dragon. Ooh. What could it be? I guess you'll have to wait and see. I'm open to ideas, but I'm pretty sure I know what kind of dragon I want this to be. Anyway. **

Reviewwww, please! And stay tuned for more of Darts and Daggers!

End
file.